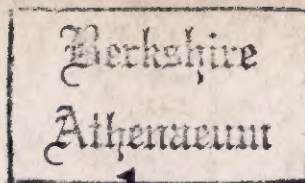


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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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VISION

I saw a path that led afar
To where high, shining towers are,
Whose gleaming turrets seemed to cry,
"Here in my heights does happiness lie!
Follow the road, though the journey's long;
The heart never tires if the will be strong."

So I traveled the road and the path was hard,
And often I thought that the way was barred,
So high were the mountains of tasks to do
To reach the City of Dreams Come True;
But I reached the end and my glad heart cried,
"Oh, success is sweeter for having tried!"

Mary O'Boyle '35



EDITORIALS



FRATERNITY

DUE TO THE apparent indifference of the student body, Pittsfield High School is face to face with the danger of toppling from the lofty pinnacle of true sportsmanship which it has occupied in the past. Somewhere in our midst is a group of undesirables who have cast a shadow of guilt on our school. The persons who filched the equipment of the Poughkeepsie basketball team have not injured their own names. They have, however, cast an approbrium upon our school and its loyal supporters. Pittsfield High's student body is blamed for the discourtesy shown to our guests. Yet, no rational P. H. S. rooter would have committed such a disgraceful deed in the name of his school.

The fact that part of the lost has been returned does not lessen the spirit of evil and maliciousness which inspired the act. Nor does it in any great degree heighten Poughkeepsie's respect for our institution. Yet, it is encouraging to see that there are students who are sufficiently interested in the welfare and security of their school's reputation to go to the "practical jokers" and demand the return of the stolen property. The act took a great deal of moral courage and the boys who acted as go-betweens should be commended for their fortitude.

The fact that there is petty pilfering in this school brings us to the stark realization that there is no fraternity, no understanding, no unity of action within our ranks; for, if there were, school opinion would have blocked any such ignorant and malicious pranks.

Our extra-curricular activities offer the best method for promoting closer social contacts between the students, but they are not varied enough to suit the interests of different types of students. There is no evident reason why a school as large as Pittsfield High should not have a Dramatic Club, or a Music Appreciation Club. It is, indeed, a sad state of affairs when students must go outside of the school to enjoy such an avocation as acting. If the students are at all interested in clubs they should manifest their desires in some reasonable but emphatic way. Perhaps, a conference with the principal might bring results.

Another and equally effective means of unifying the student body into an effective instrument to bear out the high ideals and principles of P. H. S. would be to reorganize the "Student's Council". Certainly, if the Student's Council were enthusiastically supported by the faculty and the students, it would become an indispensable and valuable part of our high school. Mr. Strout has signified that he would be willing to sponsor such an organization if he did not have to "blow oxygen into the flame in order to keep it burning". There

must be some student in this school who would have enough initiative and determination to make a "real" president. Mr. Strout, of course, would be the group's official adviser and have the power of absolute veto on any seemingly undesirable measure.

These are matters which pertain to you! There is little doubt that high school life at present, is filled with much unnecessary drudgery. It is not asking too much of you loyal supporters of P. H. S. to aid yourselves and your school, in its hour of need. It is your duty to awaken a dormant spirit and create that old fraternity which had been for so long a part of Pittsfield High School's traditions.

LEAVING SCHOOL

ONE OF the more perplexing and difficult situations that confront our teachers and principals is the case of the student who would leave school before his high school course is completed. This is an important problem and one which must be dealt with logically and carefully. Maybe you yourself or your friend is seriously contemplating quitting school and going to work. Perhaps the student's desire is more easily complied with when it is understood that it is absolutely necessary for him to contribute manual labor to his family's sustenance; but in a great many examples different views are presented.

The majority of these would list themselves under three departments, namely: students who were below normal in their studies; students who did not enjoy school and were bored with it and students who contend that they would find an outlet for their eagerness, restlessness and ambition by leaving school and getting a job.

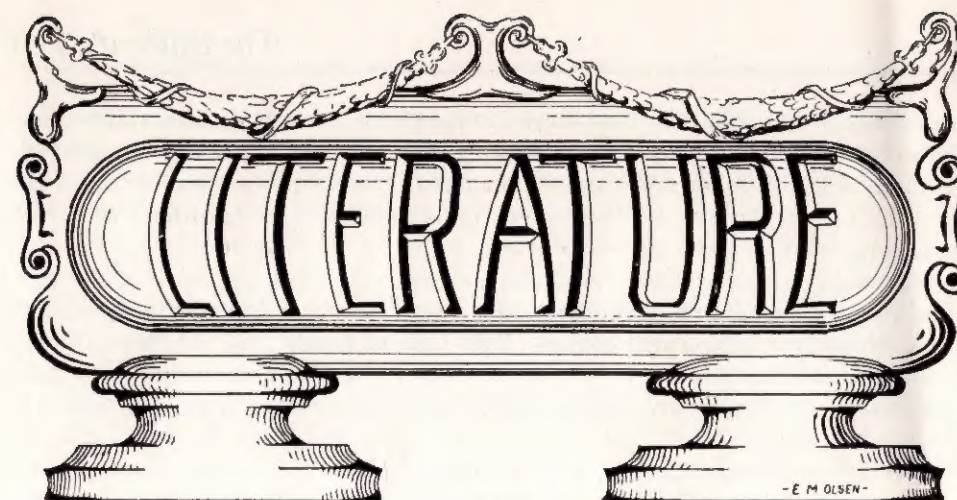
Now let's look at the problem from his side. One of his main arguments will be that he has read of self-made men who had but little schooling. Lots of rich men didn't have any more schooling than he has had. He sees no reason why he could not do equally well.

There is a reason, however, and that is that the men he has read about are only the *rare exceptions*. Let him be warned that in this present time when high school educations are so easily attained and colleges matriculate such vast numbers yearly that the one who thwarts his education by falling prey to his foolish whims will suffer greatly thereby. Let him talk to any business executive and he will learn that better educated boys and girls are preferred over those who prematurely quit school. If he points out that the executive himself is a self-made man, the executive will undoubtedly tell him that he found it necessary to study nights and in his spare time to keep up mentally with other people and that he daily keenly laments his lack of education.

A good policy is to keep up with your education even though the sole benefit derived therein would be the greater enjoyment of books, arts and the sciences. The best educated and the best trained hold the higher positions and earn larger wages in an overwhelming majority of cases. A nationally known insurance company compiled statistics which show that, on the average, high school students earn \$1.00 for every seventy-two cents earned by boys with merely elementary education . . . schooling raises pay!

Irving Michelman

Don't Forget The Student's Pen
Poetry and Short Story Contest



THE LIGHT ON HAWK'S CLAW

(A Story in Two Parts)

FOR THREE straight nights he had seen it. For three dark, rainy, cold nights Charter Reynolds had seen it. Every rainy night, between the hours of nine and twelve, a small searchlight blinked intermittently from the black, rugged mountain side.

Charter Reynolds, cub reporter on the *Wheeling News* had a strange sensation, a sort of premonition—the kind of intangible feeling one experiences when something unusual is about to happen. His attention had first been attracted some nights before as he was leaving the *News* building after writing up his next day's story. He had heard the drone of an airplane motor and had looked up into the night, expecting to behold the red and green lights of a commercial transport. He saw nothing, but a small light flickered over on the Hawk's Claw. The Hawk's Claw was a chain of jagged, forest-covered mountains shaped like its namesake.

Charter had not attached any special significance to this occurrence on the first night that he had witnessed it, but he grew to notice that every night that the rain fell, this light blinked and flickered.

The Hawk's Claw was a desolate range. Few ever frequented its steep heights. Charter soon got in the habit of looking for the light every night when he left the *News* office. On clear nights, the hills remained an inky void. It was only on rainy nights that the lone twinkle showed itself. "On a night," observed Charter, "like tonight." A puzzling thing it was; perhaps it was a signal—yes, that was it, a signal. But a signal for what?

All these thoughts and many more raced through Charter's weary brain as he wearily leaned against the wet, glistening bricks of the *News*' building. The rain came down in sheets. It was one of those sharp, cold rains,—the kind that chill one to the bone.

Charter buttoned his trench-coat around his neck, pulled down his hat brim, and shivered in the icy downpour. The rain ran off his hat and a drop trickled down his neck. His warm breath was transformed into steam as it met the chill air of the night. A lonesome, wailing wind swept down between the dreary West Virginia mountains. The street lights flickered through the rain, like unreal, imaginary candles. A car, with side-curtains up, splashed its way down the street. A lone policeman, looking like a shadow in his great raincoat, trudged down the sidewalk into the night. A dim light in the first floor of the factory across the street gave evidence of the night watchman's presence. The streets were deserted. The wind beat against the window panes of the *News* building, rattling them

with demoniac fury. The rain came down in even greater torrents. Charter shivered and shifted from one foot to the other to another, pulled up his collar more tightly around his neck and buried his hands in his pockets in an effort to ward off the piercing cold of the night. He reluctantly lifted his left hand from his pocket and peered at his wrist-watch through the rain.

Ten-thirty!

"About time for that darned light." He waited for about five minutes more. Suddenly through the driving wall of rain a light flickered faintly from the Hawk's Claw. It came on, glimmered, then went out. Charter was all attention, that strange feeling again pervaded his soul. The mystery light flashed on again, then off, then flickered on and off in a systematic manner.

"Signaling," decided Charter, "but to whom?"

A possible solution was given when the faint drone of an airplane motor was wafted to Charter's ear. He had been conscious, for some time, of a faint hum but had not bothered to decide what it was. Now this plane, carried through the rainy night on the wings of the storm, circled about overhead. Charter was all attention. The rain was swirling about his face, but his anxious gaze was concentrated first upon the blinking light and then upon the wet sky above, and he did not notice his drenching.

"The clouds are hanging low; that would drive the plane down," he reasoned; "but I can't make it out. If that light on the Claw is signaling, why doesn't the plane signal back?"

Suddenly, the blinker on the mountain ceased flashing. Charter waited impatiently for five, ten, fifteen minutes. The light did not resume its signaling. He noticed that the noise of the motor was subsiding. The plane was going away. Finally it could no longer be heard. The Hawk's Claw was black and silent. Charter stood out in the rain gaping upward and then across at the mountain. He shrugged his shoulders and slowly made his way toward home.

The mystery was deepening—as was Charter Reynold's curiosity.

He silently resolved that he would see the thing through. Perhaps someone else, too, had seen the light. Maybe this would be the breaking of a great story. Perhaps also the light was not meant for prying eyes. Reaching home, Charter undressed for bed, his mind still lost in thought. Soon he fell into a deep sleep of exhaustion.

The next day Charter was called out of town to cover a train wreck; he used the press Ford. Returning home at three in the afternoon, he wrote up the two column story and with the satisfaction of a job well done, slammed his typewriter into its cubby hole in the desk and strode briskly to the city editor's desk.

"Chief," he asked, "May I take the chariot for the rest of the day?"

"Okay, if nobody's using it," answered Browning, the city man, "what's the big urge?"

"I want to scour the country for some sensational stuff."

"All right; got your story done?"

"All set."

"Okay, shoot it into Graves in the linotype room."

Charter disposed of his story and grabbing his hat and coat, ran to the door. As the noise of the slam echoed through the *News* office, the crew looked at each other in puzzled amazement.

"Something's hot," volunteered King, ace reporter.

Once outside, Charter made his way to the squat little Ford. He jumped into the car, slammed the door, and jammed his nervous foot on the starter. The motor responded with a cough and backfire, then chuck-a-chucked in the true Ford manner. Throwing the car into first, Charter pressed the accelerator and was soon on his way.

He smiled as he made his way through the Wheeling traffic. He had told the city editor that he was looking for news and he might find it at that. Once out of the maze of city streets, he pointed the car south on Lee highway and gave it the gas. Sailing along between forty-five and fifty miles an hour, his spirits ran high. He was off to the Hawk's Claw!

The high, rocky range of mountains loomed larger as the minutes passed. At Farrell's Junction he was obliged to take a small road up into the hills. The road was in bad shape. There were frequent holes and rocks to torture the laboring car as it chugged up the hill in second gear. The road was not a state road, it had been built to accommodate a now-defunct lumber camp.

There was one dominant trait in Charter's character. That was his curiosity. Once it was aroused, things started to happen. However, this trait stood him in good stead. He had turned out several fine newspaper reports because of his desire to dig deeper than the outer surface of things.

After a few hundred more yards the road halted in front of the lumbering camp. Charter pulled the Ford off the road and shut off the ignition. Locking the car, he got out, stretched his muscles, and looked around. The old buildings of the camp had gone down rapidly. The wooden framework was rotten and decaying. Still there was something about the place that spoke of recent habitation.

Charter whistled thoughtfully and started to climb further up.

"That light," he said, half aloud, "seemed to come from Raven Neck." Accordingly he turned his steps in that direction. As the lumber camp receded below him and was soon hidden by the trees, he had a feeling that he was being watched. Several times he turned around, half expecting to see someone. Finally he laughed aloud and continued.

"Just jumpy, that's all," he said; "should have brought a package of Camel's."

Soon the timber line was passed and he stood in the clearing.

Raven Rock rose high before him like the walls of Jericho. It was one immense slab of rock. Charter's eyes hurriedly ran over its surface.

"No sign of a light there," he decided. He then changed his direction and walked to the clayey side of Hawk's Claw on the right of Raven Rock. He glanced up to its summit, then wheeled around to take in the wonderful view afforded by the precipitous hill. Far below, he saw the state road, winding its way along like some great, white worm. Far to the north, through the blue haze, he could make out Wheeling.

"A dandy place for signaling," he thought, "could be seen for miles around. This is probably the place, but I don't see any light. If the signaling were on the level, the search-light would be mounted somewhere in plain sight, and it's too strong to be a portable light. It must be hidden, and if it is—" his voice trailed off. "Something queer going on."

As if he had made a sudden decision, he turned around, and coat-tails flying behind him, ran up the side of the Hawk's Claw. He grabbed a stick and began poking round rocks and stubby bushes.

"If it's here, I'll find it. Might get my fool head shot off, too, for messing in other people's business. Might get a scoop of a story, too."

His newspaper training forced him to go on searching. After about ten minutes of this, he stopped poking and stood up, beads of perspiration dotting his forehead. He puffed heavily, and suddenly began to feel very foolish. His actions certainly looked queer, anyway. Tilting his felt hat back on his head, he looked up the mountain. About twenty feet up was a large, gray boulder, fringed with small bushes.

"Might try looking up around there," he said aloud. Scrambling up the broken slope he soon reached the rock. He looked at it with a puzzled expression on his face. "That's a funny looking rock," he thought. The formation of the rock was peculiar. Only one side was shown, the rest was buried in the ground. The rock was of a curious color and very, very smooth. Charter reached out with his stick and poked it.

The rock gave in at his touch! He did it again. The same thing happened. A sharp chill zipped up Charter's back. His palms were moist with nervous sweat. He reached out a cautious hand and gingerly felt the rock. It was soft and smooth. Suddenly he leaned close and stared dumbfoundedly.

"That's no rock," he whispered hoarsely. "That's a sheet of painted canvas!"

Dropping to his knees, he dug feverishly at the stones and sand. Soon the edges of the canvas were exposed to view. He quickly grasped them and began carefully to lift the canvas. Gone now was his nervousness; his nose now held sway. Finally the other edges came loose from the rock and Charter quickly rolled up the canvas and threw it up over the top of the opening.

There, exposed to his view, was a large box about a yard square! But best of all, in the bottom of the box was what he had expected. There squatting on an iron stand was a highly-polished, high-powered searchlight, with shutters over the lens. There were wires running to it from two little holes in the back of the box. Charter stared in at it and frowningly tried to piece the mystery together. The searchlight was of the type used by the army for signal work. The shutters could be made to show the light's beam or blot it out. Knowingly Charter closed one eye, the whole thing was now becoming clearer, the light flickers were signals. But why on rainy nights? Was it because there would be less chance for anyone but the intended one to see it? That was it!

Now Charter noticed something that had escaped his first fleeting observation. The back of the box was hinged. He was puzzled. Then it dawned on him that there was an opening behind the box! That must mean a cave and Charter had never heard of a cave in the vicinity of Raven Rock. Now that he came to think of it, there was an old coal mine on the other side of the Hawk's Claw, but it ran westward; also it hadn't operated for about five years. He sat down to try to puzzle the thing out but it seemed beyond him. He sat there so long, engrossed in thought that he did not notice that darkness was falling. Finally he rose to his feet and made ready to go home. His detective sense told him to replace the canvas over the opening. This he did and then started his descent to the waiting Ford. When he had gone down a few yards, he turned in his tracks to see if the fake rock looked natural. It looked like the real article. He smiled at the cleverness of its design and said under his breath, "I'm going now, but I'll be back."

(End of Part 1—Read the April issue to see what happens next)

*Enter Your Poems and Stories
in The Student's Pen Contest*

GOLD

AT SEVEN o'clock every morning, Sam opened his corner paper store with the usual loud clatter of window curtains raising, and papers being kicked. He had done this same task for fifteen years, yet every morning he effectually put Yesterday and all its worries behind him and eagerly greeted Today. It might have been the grit of an Irish grandfather or the daring of a Scottish grandfather. Sam never referred to it at all romantically but instead called it his "spunk".

On one particular morning, the sun rose with a renewed energy, and birds chirped with an unaccustomed wholeheartedness. The winter's dirty snow fast melted away, making rushing torrents into the sewers. It was evident that Spring was in the air.

At Sam's paper store, Spring was also in evidence for sharing the prominence of the front window with a ragged cat and a bundle of newspapers, was a flower pot and in this flower pot there bloomed a single yellow tulip—not the yellow of a daffodil or a dandelion, but a tulip touched with a Midas hand. Its soft gold petals—each a perfect form—sheltered a dusky tongue. In all its glory the single flower raised its head majestically above the rich dark loam in the pot, little knowing the part it was to play in the great drama called Life.

John McLeland was tired of fighting. Yes, tired of fighting to pay for the piano, the refrigerator, and the furniture. He had fought for every cent of his \$28.50 salary, and for every ounce of his roast beef dinners. It made it no easier with Mae always clamoring for something new to wear and something new to do. He had stood it for five years and today he was running away. He had taken what little available money he had and now, after having examined all possible ways of escape, had decided to start life anew in some distant corner of the globe. It never occurred to him that it was cowardice. He had striven for five years to make a go of it and now he felt the futility of beating against a rock barrier.

It was very simple—the plan he had shaped in his mind. Taking the usual morning train, he would sit in the smoker and, as the train neared the bridge which spanned the East River, with a dramatic gesture he would renounce the world and jump from the train. He would quickly swim underwater to the other side and the case of John McLeland would be in the file of missing persons.

As he neared the corner where Sam's paper store was located, John, from force of habit, reached in his pocket for his two cents to buy the morning paper. He was thinking deeply, thinking of what Mae, his wife, would conclude when they told her. With piles of bills and no income what would become of her? She had nagged continually, telling him to get out of the rut he was in. A cynical smile curved his lips (she had married him for better or for worse). Then the cynicism went out of the smile; it grew wistful. On the day of their wedding, she had whispered, "It will always be for better, John. It couldn't be for worse with you and me." The sun had shone on that memorable morning much as it was shining this morning. Its long, yellow fingers caressed the cheek, the while its radiant light dazzled the eyes.

At this point John spied the tulip in the store window. He stared at it, and with a queer catch in his voice, murmured to himself, "It's like Mae's hair, only not so bright as her hair." He shook himself to throw off the cloak of sentimentality which wrapped him; at the same time he sharply reprimanded himself for allowing his thoughts to wander unattended to the subject of Mae's hair, of all things.

He bought his paper and with a cheery greeting from Sam ringing in his ears, he

started to run for the train, but he dropped a coin and as he stooped to pick it up, his eyes again caught sight of the gold tulip. Gold—gold for money, gold for ambition, gold for courage. Gold for courage, did he have the courage to start again, in spite of all odds, in spite of bills, mortgages, rent? Gold for Mae's hair, the hair of that head that reached only to his shoulder.

Suddenly he sprang up and dashed down the street in the direction from whence he had come. It was worth it—if he tried again, he might succeed. As he ran, panting for breath, the sun rose higher and the splendor that is the earth was swathed in gold.

Betty Bickford

A COUNTRY PATH

NEXT to writing English compositions (especially essays) I have always found the greatest pleasure in seeking out some little travelled country path and following its serpent-like way through the woods. With the coming of snow, this hobby affords me, if possible, an even greater joy—an intangible emotion which transfers me from this commonplace, matter-of-fact world into a land of make-believe, peopled with enchanting fairies and charming elves. Surely Elysium, which Homer describes in his "Odyssey" as being "the land of the blest," could have had no greater charm.

One particular path will remain long in my memory. I came upon it one day while travelling slowly through a field, recently blanketed by a foot and a half of soft, feathery snow. Noticing a small cleft in the trees to my left, I investigated and found myself the discoverer of a winding, twisting trail.

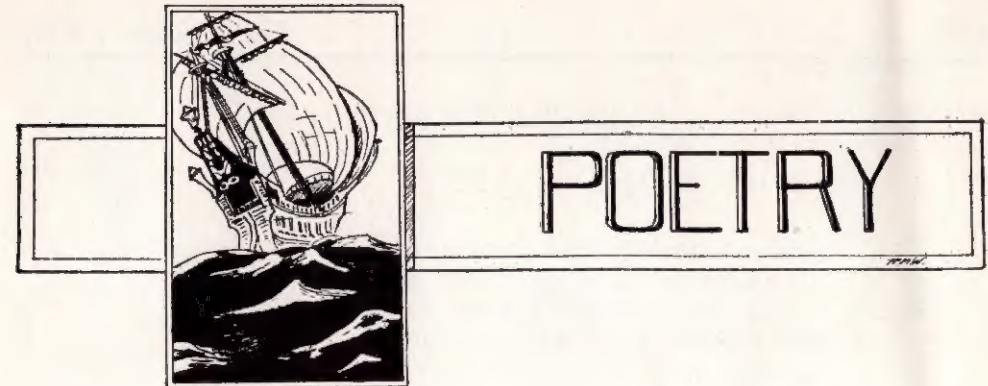
Once beyond the first turn, I was surrounded on all sides by thick, tangled woods, the trees stretching aloft their gaunt branches and maintaining an air of impassive tranquility. A profound silence overhung all, broken only by the soft crunch of my feet in the clinging snow. Shining icicles hung vertically to the bushes, some small, some large, and I could easily imagine them as small wands used by fairies during the night and, with the coming of day, left clinging to the branches of the trees.

As I advanced further, I came suddenly upon a charming brook, gurgling joyfully as it flowed swiftly through the woods. Parts of its surface were covered with ice, but, undeterred, the stream ducked into these long, white tunnels and appeared smilingly at the other end. Irresistibly and yet peacefully it pursued its course, seeming to understand that soon it would be greatly increased by the melting snows and content to wait until this time should come.

The path now seemed to become more restless, twisting and turning in a most disconcerting fashion. Over snow-crowned hills and through silent valleys, now following the edge of a high hill, and now passing through impenetrable thickets. Each succeeding moment brought a new view and a different vista, leaving a series of vividly painted pictures to be stored away in my mind. Time passed rapidly, and, at length, having reached the end of the trail, I emerged, satisfied that one of my many longings had been appeased.

Some men enjoy hunting, others fishing, but to me this path and others like it represent a never ending source of pleasure. Give me a pleasant day with an unlimited amount of time, and you will find me travelling through the country on the lookout for an obscure and hidden trail where I may forget the world and be led by Artemis into the enchantment of a make-believe land.

Stanley S. Carpenter '34



TO THE TINY ICICLES

Minute daggers, flashing fire—
Brilliant sparkling—heart's desire—
Tiny lances, twinkling dew—
Silver on the night's dark blue.

Slender sword points, tipped with flame
Gilt of stardust—gold of fame—
Dainty spear tips, distant, cold—
Tints of crystal and of gold.

Fragile poniards, gleaming bright—
Ecstasy—oh, dream-starred night—
Silver, crystal, gold, and blue—
Love and laughter,—life—and you!

Marguerite A. Donna

EMPTINESS

The life I lead is very calm,
I go to school and then come home,
I'm sheltered, free from any harm
And seldom do I roam.

I have few cares, I know not strife,
There are no distractions near to tempt me,
Yes, mine is quite the safest life,
But, oh, it is so empty.

Doris Young

SABBATH TWILIGHT

Now is the time for dreams

Familiar things form sharp, gray silhouettes
Against the clear, grey light of dusk outside the window:
Waving branches of the naked trees
Form shadow patterns, softly moving on the friendly walls.
No sound save small, contented noises—
Sounds that happy houses always make—
And the chimes that ring soft benediction
Out across the dying day.

It's times like these when hearts can reach
The pitch of keen desire;
Mingled with a sweet content—
Curious blend—a peaceful satisfaction
In life as 'tis and as it is to be,
And yet an unquelled longing
To sound unfathomable depths of splendor
Hidden in the silent stars.

Mary O'Boyle '35

DECEMBER

December hums a lullaby
The little brooks are sleeping,
The dormouse and the dragon-fly
Are safe in Winter's keeping.

White gulls above the whiter snows
The stormy winds are breasting,
While tender buttercup and rose
In Winter's lap are resting.

December brings a blanket white
A covering soft and downy
A snow-flake mantle, pure and light
For every elf and brownie.

Then fold your wings, all tired things
And dream of fun and laughter
Nor sink too deep in winter sleep
For April follows after.

Marilyn Cooney



FOR SEVERAL years, colleges and institutions of higher learning throughout the country have conferred recognition upon those graduates of Pittsfield High School who have done unusually well in their studies. In some cases, these schools have accorded signal honors to such students, who have thus distinguished not only themselves, but also their alma mater. The first semester reports of our most recent alumni indicate that they have maintained the reputation of P. H. S., and have brought honor to their school by the scholarship which they have exhibited. The entire school, through the medium of *The Student's Pen*, extends congratulations to those graduates who have attained success.

Although it was not possible to get a complete list of the students who have done outstanding work, we mention a few whose achievements have come to our attention.

Dorothy-Alice Dresser, a freshman at Pittsburgh University, and a member of the Survey Division, has maintained a standing of A in all her subjects, as a result of which, she and three other freshmen who had done excellent work were honored by the Mortar Board Society at a tea at which the mothers were guests; the freshmen were presented with corsages. This acknowledgment of their accomplishments was, indeed, an honor, for the Society had never previously feted freshmen. Congratulations, "Dot!"

The boys, too, come in for their share of credit. Wallace Jordan and Elihu Klein, who won second and seventh places, respectively, in the freshman class at Williams College, are especially to be congratulated, for they were in competition with scholars educated in some of the finest private schools in the United States. Your school is back of you, boys. Keep up the good work!

Karl McEachron, a freshman at Purdue, is another student of whom the school may well be proud. He has received an almost unbelievably high average, and has been recognized for his musical abilities. Best wishes, Karl!

Eric Stahl, a student at Colgate, has received an A average in every subject, and has done exceptional work since his entrance to college last September. Good luck, Eric!

Jean Roser, a freshman at Bucknell, has completed her first semester with honors in all subjects.

The accomplishments of the students mentioned above are representative of the work done by P. H. S. graduates. They have made a record for themselves and their school. Again we extend CONGRATULATIONS!!!

'31 Barbara Hughes, a sophomore at the College of Our Lady of Elms, has received a testimonial of excellence indicating an average of 90 per cent or over.

'32 Peter Paladino has been awarded first honors at Williston Academy for the fourth marking period.

'33 Paul C. Sullivan has been awarded second honors at Williston Academy for this marking period.

Betty Bickford.

P. H. S. SENTINELS OF SAFETY

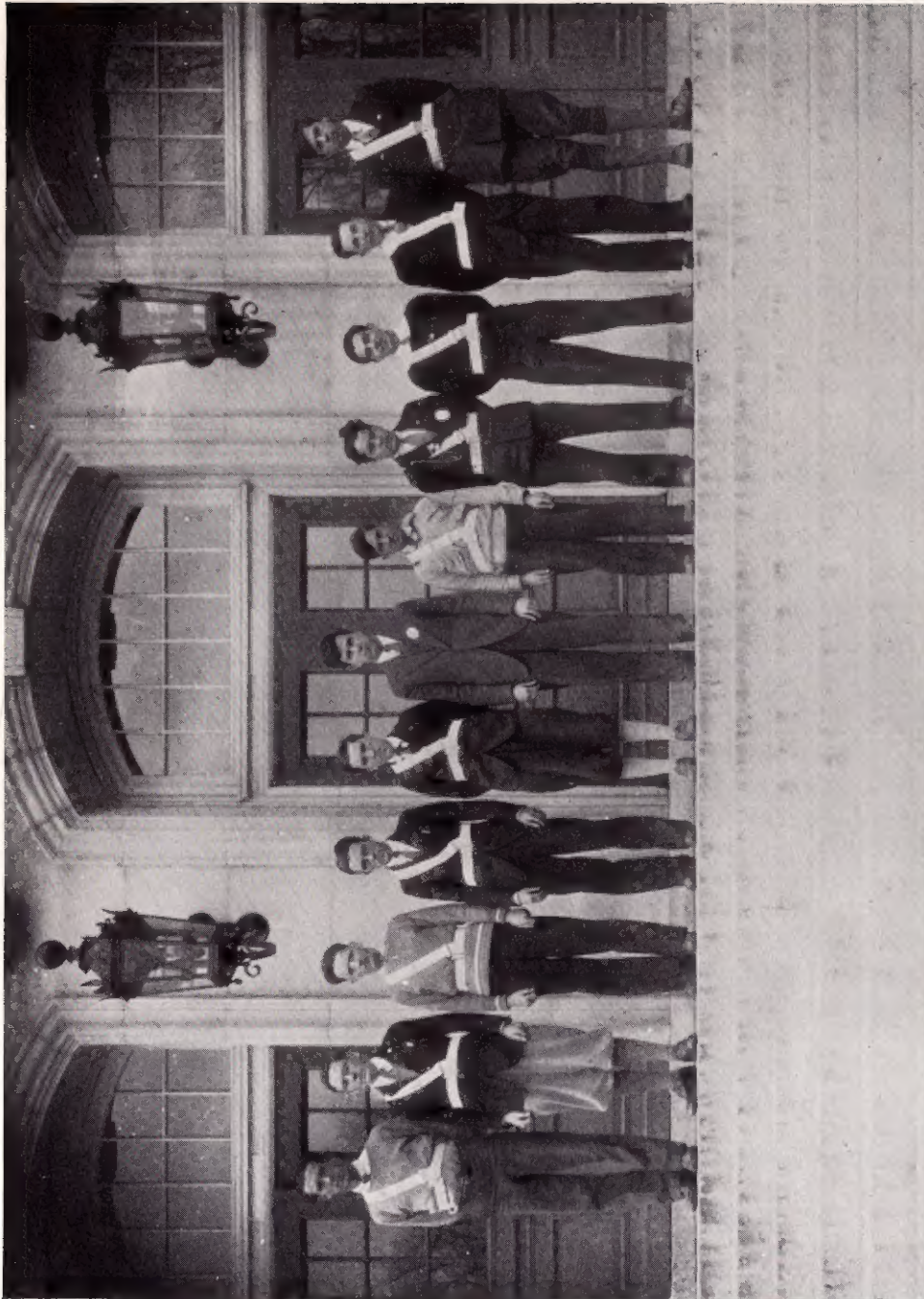
AT A BANQUET held recently in this city, the Ladies' Auxiliary, Number One, of the Automobile Club of Berkshire County presented to the members of the traffic squad of Pittsfield High certificates "in recognition of meritorious service and generous cooperation rendered in protecting the lives of school children."

In the fall of 1932, the first squad of outdoor traffic officers was organized at Pittsfield High. Its purpose was to safeguard the lives of those students who must cross East Street on their way to school. In the two years that have passed since the group was formed, it has not only performed this duty so efficiently that not a single accident has occurred, and that the Chief of Police has been convinced it is unnecessary to station the almost traditional police officer here, but it has taken over other important functions. For example, the ease and speed with which thousands of elementary school children pass to and from various educational programs given in our building have been greatly facilitated by the work of these students.

At eight o'clock in the morning these boys report to their captain, in the building. Then, they go to their posts and remain there until eight-thirty. In the afternoon they are dismissed from class at two-fifteen, but it is usually not until two-forty-five that they can go home. On days when different groups of visitors come en masse, the traffic squad has to be on hand. Their hours are quite different from those of the average student; yet, strange as it may seem, three officers come from Lanesboro, one from West Pittsfield, and the rest come from parts of the city not in the immediate locality of East Street.

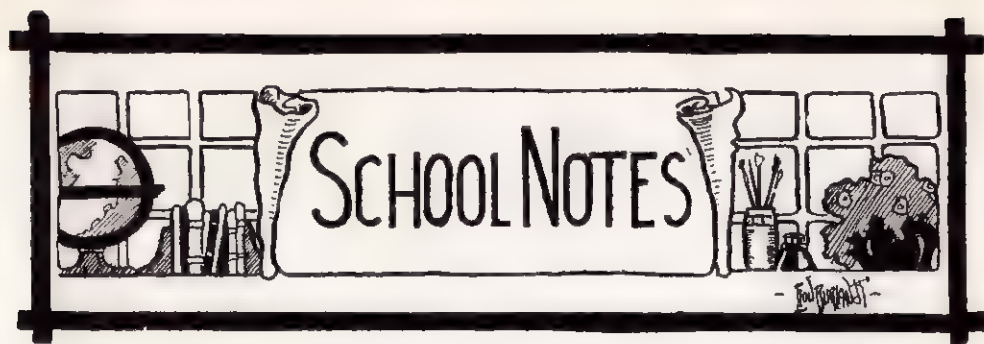
Alertness, perseverance, patience, courtesy—these are the four outstanding characteristics of the traffic officers. In rain or snow, storm or sunshine, some officers are always at the crosswalks at the regular hours. They are faithful, willing friends working for our safety, and the welfare of P. H. S.

The members of the squad are: Elmer Lombard, Captain; Donald Corley, Lieutenant; Howard Hunter, Lieutenant; George Arthur, Arthur Bouchard, John Campbell, Francis Cooper, Fred Gerring, Carmelo La Rose, Harry Moore, Bernard Murphy, Louis Rossi.



TRAFFIC SQUAD

Reading from left to right: Bernard Murphy, Howard Hunter, Fred Gerring, Harry Moore, John Campbell, Elmer R. Lombard, Carmelo LaRose, Arthur Bouchard, Louis Rossi, Francis Cooper, George Arthur



Charles Kline, Jr., Editor

Peter Barreca, Marguerite Donna, Richard Stevenson

COUNTY CONFERENCE

Tomorrow afternoon delegates, boys and teachers, will be coming into Pittsfield from all over Berkshire County for the annual Berkshire Hills High School Boys' Conference conducted by the local Y. M. C. A. This year the theme of the gathering is *Youth Seeks a New World*.

Sessions will begin at 4:30 P. M. with our own "Stew" Cosgriff—class president, actor, and football man—presiding. Ralph Lundberg, another of the February graduating class, will give the address of welcome. With this flying start, the conference will break up at 5 o'clock into discussion groups led by Roy E. Coombs of the state Y. M. C. A. and Arthur E. Larkin of the local Association.

At 6 o'clock the delegates will re-assemble for the conference picture, followed by the banquet with Frederick A. Pease as toastmaster. The speaker will be Albert E. Roberts, Executive Secretary of the Northfield Schools (Mount Hermon for boys and Northfield for girls).

Following the banquet there will be a social period with dancing for all delegates in the Y gymnasium. One hundred fifty P. H. S. girls will be there to make the hour enjoyable. (Around the third

week in April there will also be a county high school girls' conference at the Y).

A feature of this meeting will be the Mansfield Singers, a colored quartet from Boston. They will give a program of negro spirituals at the conference and probably at the school the next day. This group has been very popular in the Eastern part of the state—at the state boys' conference they were called back for encore after encore, until the leaders were forced to stop the applause. The group is composed of Emanuel Mansfield, Sinclair Swan, Lycurgus Lockman, and Caesar Bennett.



MANSFIELD SINGERS

TONG-ue WAR

On April 11 our debating teams will go out to do or die for P. H. S. on the subject, "Resolved: That legislation should be enacted for the federal control of motor trans-

port." The veteran affirmative team which will meet Adams in the auditorium is composed of Captain Bruce Burnham, Harold Feldman, and Marjorie Cummings. These are respectively president, vice president, and secretary of the debating club.

The negative team, untried but eager, is made up of Daniel Secunda, William McEachron, and Charles Kline. They will go to Williamstown with Mr. Lynch, debating club coach.

March, 1934

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THE THIRTEENTH



Friday, the thirteenth, has long been known as an unlucky day. Writers especially will do no work on that day. So if you intend to submit a story or poem for THE STUDENT'S PEN Short Story and Poetry Contest, you ought to get busy. Friday, April thirteenth, is the deadline, the last day on which material may be given the editor for the contest.

All stories and poems published in THE PEN since last October are considered eligible for the contest. The writers of the best story, and poem (as picked by Miss Kaliher, Mr. Russell, and Mr. McKenna) will each be awarded a silver cup suitably engraved. Already forty stories and fifty poems have been submitted. And of these about ten stories and twenty-five poems have been published, which is equivalent to having been entered in the contest. Don't be April Fools, you writers; act now. Unlucky Friday the thirteenth may be lucky for someone; why not you?

CAMPUS COMMENT



Spring was in the air (between the snowflakes) at the beginning of the month—spring and election time.

Thus we find Richard Stevenson is now play committee chairman, and he promises us a "bigger and better" Senior Play than ever before.

Quarterback John Gull was reelected as Senior B president, with high jumper Irving Michelman as vice president. "Mike," by the way, recently won a prize in Scholastic with one of his famous cartoons. Dorothy Gillette is the Senior B Secretary, Dorothy Hudelston the Treasurer, and Janet Meade the Chairman of the Ring Committee.

The Junior A's picked as their first officers Francis Lusignan as President, Winston Roulier as Vice President, Mary O'Boyle as Secretary, and Florence De Groff as Treasurer. Miss Helene Millet, the villainess in the faculty play, was chosen class adviser.

ATHLETIC COUNCIL



The Intramural Athletic Council (composed of Chairman Bruce Burnham, 12A; George Haylon, 12B; William Madden, 10A; and George Quadrozi, 10B) is now meeting regularly every two weeks. This council receives all suggestions from the student body, acts on them, and passes the best on to the instructors. It will be the prime mover in expanding and developing our intramural athletics. Its members are the students' representatives—there to see that they get what they want in the gymnasium.

Coach Carmody, whose plan this is, says that in the past students have been too far away from their own activities. Extra activities, he says, exist for the students and should be controlled by them. The instructor should be only an adviser. Through this council intramural athletics will actually be in the hands of the students.

Of course, the success or failure of this plan depends upon the student body's reactions to it. It is *our* interest and *our* suggestions that will make it or break it. Coach Carmody has given us all a chance. What we do with it, is up to us.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. Herberg, Head of the Mathematics Department, on the new arrival in his family.

To the Editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN for winning a second place in the high school magazine contest sponsored by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. THE PEN was entered in the class for schools of over 1500 students; won its place on the basis of "general excellence."

LUNCHROOM LAUGHS



In explaining his patent marking system to his new classes, Mr. Herrick uses Mae West as an example—and he always gives her a perfect mark.

Louis Boos is rumored to have decided that it was better to remove all of the famous moustache unaided than to have half of it taken off by force. (?)

Mr. Conroy explains, "I'm really much older than I look."



RUGGIERO RICCI

RUGGIERO RICCI—A MUSICAL GENIUS

I DID NOT immediately learn to enjoy playing the violin. In fact, when I first started at the age of five, I was quite discouraged. However, when I learned to play a little, I found that I loved the violin and that love, tempered and supported by four hours of practicing every day, built the foundation upon which I made my debut in San Francisco at the age of eight!"

These were the words of the famous child prodigy, Ruggiero Ricci, who, at the tender age of thirteen, has, by his almost uncanny virtuosity, made musical history. Ruggiero was born in San Francisco of a family of music lovers. His father played the trombone in a San Francisco band. At the age of five, Ruggiero started his career as a violinist and though at first he was discouraged by the tedium of sour notes and undue squeaks, he fought through the early and most trying state of a violinist's career. Under the apt tutelage of that famous teacher of child prodigies, Louis Persinger, he made tremendous progress. Upon reaching the age of eight, Ruggiero made his debut before a San Francisco audience and was enthusiastically received by the music critics. It was a year later, however, with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, that a great violinist was launched upon his career. There, because of his magnificent interpretation of the Mendelssohn Concerto, because of the magic in those flying fingers which carry his audiences on fanciful journeys to lands unknown, he received plaudits such as are seldom bestowed on even the most mature artists. Since that eventful day, Ruggiero has scaled the heights of fame. He has charmed the royalty of Europe. He was acclaimed by music lovers throughout the continent—in Berlin, Paris, Vienna, Budapest, London. On January 6, 1934, he played at the White House before President Roosevelt, whom he enthusiastically described as a "nice fellow".

His performance in Pittsfield aroused the austere New England audience to a pitch of enthusiasm such as they seldom exhibit. To the audience, he was a genius—a reincarnation of Paganini. He, however, disclaims any such theory. He says:

"I don't believe in this second Paganini stuff. I practice four hours a day and have accomplished something because I love the violin."

His advice to musicians strikes a fundamental principle and all students would do well to heed his counsel.

"If you wish to play fast, practice slowly. If your rhythm is poor, count time."

Ruggiero, by a slight grimace, indicated that he had not enjoyed counting time.

When he is not on a concert tour, Ruggiero is under the guidance of a private tutor and studies the prescribed subjects for a boy of thirteen—arithmetic, English, geography, history, spelling.

One wonders how a so-called musical genius appears off stage. To me, he seemed more mature than the ordinary boy of thirteen. He possesses a grave, serious composure which gives his face the dignity peculiar to old Venetian portraits. The usual expression in his eyes is one of quiet, attentive intelligence; yet, if one looks more closely, he may see a sort of spiritual spark, which, when he lifts his thirty-five thousand dollar Guarnerius to his chin—bursts forth with a brilliant flash of genius. His fingers—long and delicate—seem to bespeak strength and suppleness. As for the rest of his features, they were plain—a somewhat over-large head, stooped shoulders, thin body, but all these physical characteristics were overbalanced by the power in his eyes. It was in his eyes that one saw genius.



The Shadow



HEARKEN, ye swaggering males and demure females! Harken and tremble in your ill-assorted pedibus! From this time on let it be known that the mystery writers, S (G+B)—are lurking in the halls, parked on spare tires, looking for—? With a feminine nicety of detail and a masculine impetuosity for gossip, these two demon reporters relentlessly track down any phrase or paragraph which smacks of news. Thus, if your best girl is sore at you or if you have committed a misdemeanor, ask not for mercy. Your misdeeds will croak froggishly at you in black and white!

Ye Editor

* * * *

Did you know a certain baby-talking brunette from Boston town thinks that Pittsfield High's demon P. G. trombone player is "dust the cutest-itty thing"?

* * * *

Who is it that forgets about the basketball heroes when a little "dickey-Burd" in a blue and white turtle-necked sweater is leading Pittsfield High's motley host in cheers? You want to know? Well, we won't tell you.

* * * *

Oh, we almost forgot! The latest in southern accents has just arrived from Florida. How are you, Joan?

* * * *

This is killing us! A Junior A by the name of Jack has taken up knitting and not in his spare time. It's his life's ambition. Could it be a woman? We've found you out, Jack.

* * * *

Speaking of the impotency of man in this day and age, what's this world coming to when a big handsome boy like Wes Baker has to bring lollipops to basketball games in order to get in with the girls? Hi Nellie!

* * * *

Beauchemin spends most of his study periods in 102 gazing at the back of the room—and not looking for flies, either. Can it be the blonde Margaret?

* * * *

Unknown to her, Betty Owen has a male trailing around after her, gazing from afar and sighing.

S (G+B)

March, 1934

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March, 1934